

THE LIBERTY  
OF LINCOLN

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HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON



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With the last wishes of the author

Harry Webb Farrington









# THE LIBERTY OF LINCOLN



BY  
HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON

AUTHOR OF

"Cher Ami," "Rough and Brown," "Walls of America,"  
"Faith of Franklin," "Liberty of Lincoln,"  
"Roosevelt the Righteous."

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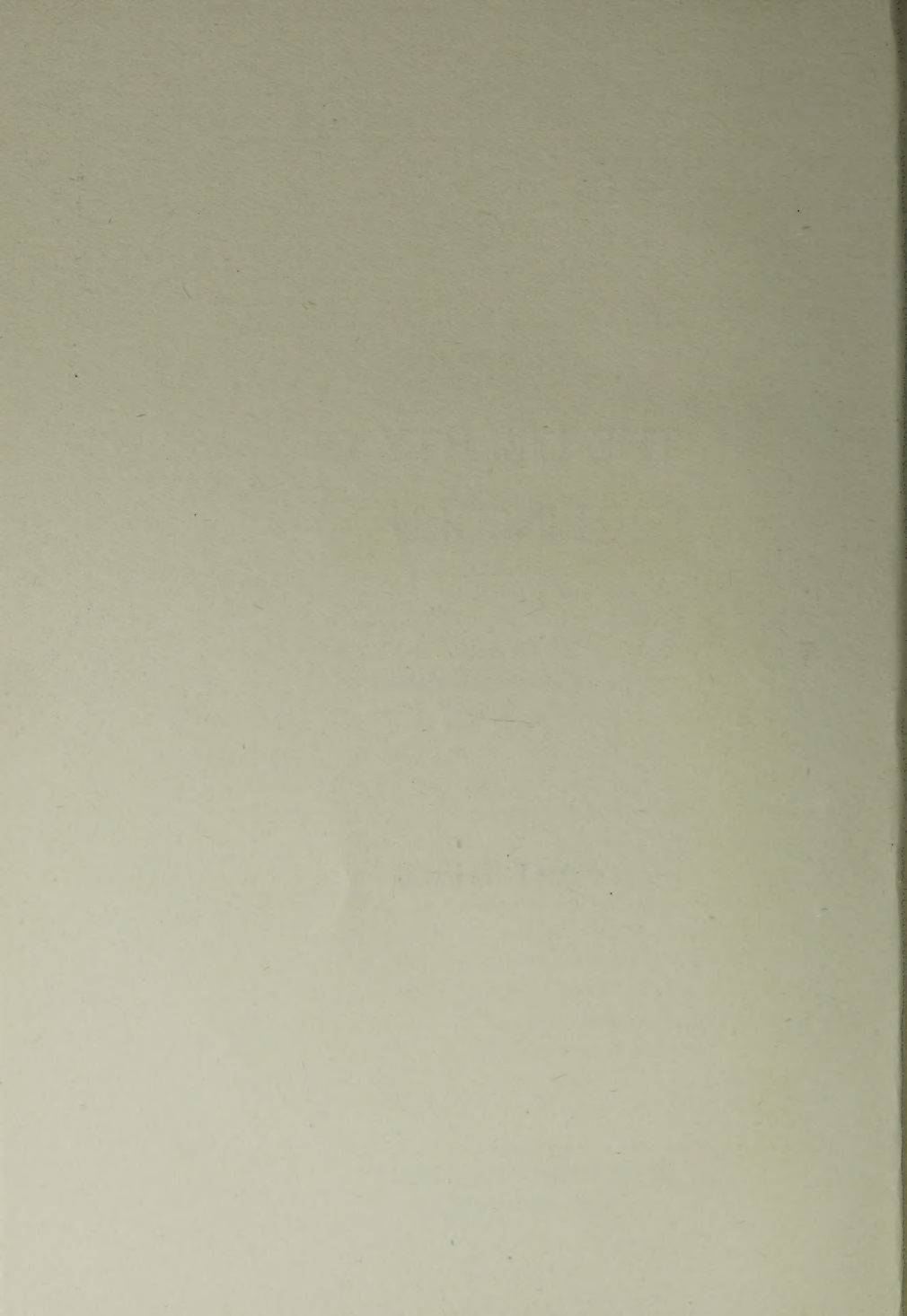
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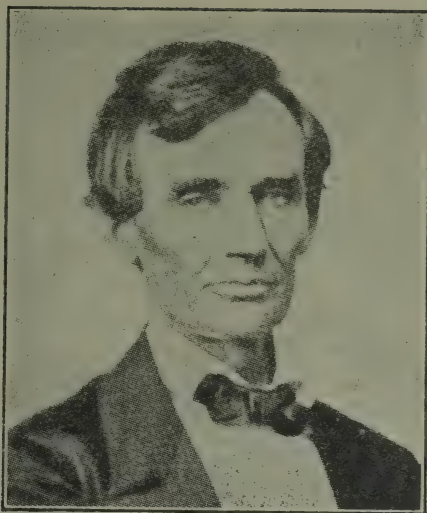


THE LIBERTY OF  
LINCOLN

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PART THREE





LINCOLN IN 1860

### Part III. THE WEST WALL—LIBERTY— LINCOLN.

To build ourselves, then, into the House of Uncle Sam, we should have two traits: first, like Franklin, faith in the wealth and the people of our nation as a whole; second, like Washington, work as a debt and a duty to the state, a generous gift of our time and talent and money, beginning in our own community and ending in Washington, D. C. Faith in our Future; Work for the welfare of the Capital; think and feel about our country in general; and do something for the country in particular—these are the east and south walls of Uncle Sam's House!

But America is a nation of people, and we must feel toward each other in the American way. What is it? Who showed us? Look at the two papers

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The engravings on Lincoln's life are contributed by Mr. Edw. Epstean of Walker Eng. Co., N. Y. C. To him and Mr. Stephen F. Horgan the author is greatly indebted.



in the corner-stone of our House! In the Declaration, our fathers said that all men are created free and equal and are given by God certain rights "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But in our House were found millions who were not held free, because their color was different from that of most people. It was not the fault or sin of any particular part of the country; the whole nation was responsible. Then somebody came from the West to put in the West Wall; to show us not as a crusader, or a politician, but by his simple living and brotherly friendliness and sweet reasonableness in dealing with people that Americans, no matter of what color or from what country, should have liberty to make the best of themselves. It is happy that his name begins with an L. It was Abraham Lincoln.

He was not, like Franklin, born in a town with its books and shops and people; or like Washington, on a great plantation with its duties to farming, the Church, the army, and polite society; but in a log cabin in the middle of the new state of Kentucky, about twelve miles from Hodgenville, with nothing about him except tame and wild animals and a few poor people, fewer books, and no newspaper. Here on a cold day, February 12, 1809, during a blizzard it is said, he was born. He might be called the really first great American, for his father's people came from Massachusetts as far back as 1695, and his mother's people from Virginia; and he was really born in the United States and not in the colonies.

Thomas Lincoln, Abraham's father, while not educated by books, though he could read the language of the woods, was a good man; religious and temperate, kind to his wife and children. He never

had much of a chance to get an education, for when Thomas was only a little boy, his father, while working in the fields, was shot by the Indians. Yet when Thomas became a man he was respected enough to be made supervisor of roads and to be given credit at the stores. Abraham's mother was a gentle, beautiful woman, patient, religious, fond of her home, and devoted to her children.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The window was added years afterwards

If little Abraham grew up to be an example of how Americans should act toward each other, then let us see what were the great things that came into his life, and how he acted.

His first little world was the tame and wild animals. Here is a true, beautiful story he told to a young man, afterwards the soldier, Gilbert J. Greene. When he was six, a neighbor gave him a

little pig, which he took home. Although he made a bed for it in a hollow log, and fed it everything he could think of, it would not eat, but squealed so much his mother compelled him to take it back. He could not bear to give it up; and so for two weeks he carried it back and forth to be fed by its own mother. Said Lincoln, "I played with him and taught him tricks. We used to play hide and seek. I can see his face now, peeking around the corner of the house to see if I was coming after him." After it became too heavy, it followed him around. "Sometimes he would have a lazy spell. Then he would rub against my legs, and stop in front of me, and lie down, in a sort of wheedling way, and say, in the language which I understood, 'Abe, why don't you carry me the same as you used to do?'" When it grew larger, Abraham made it carry him on its back. One day the boy, seeing signs of its being butchered for food, in spite of his father's command to return, hurried out into the woods with his pet and stayed out all night. Finally one day the pig was captured, and Abraham, not bearing to hear or see its death, ran to the woods—out of sight and hearing. When he returned at midday, and saw the hog dressed, hanging from the pole, he began to cry, returned to the woods, and did not come back until night. "The next morning I went into the yard,—taking a big chip, I scraped the scattered blood and hair into a pile and burned it up. Then I found some soft dirt, and strewed it over the ground to cover up every trace of what was to me an awful tragedy."

Another time, coming home with a bag of meal, he found a dog with a broken leg. Thomas Collaher saw him staggering with the meal on his shoulder and the dog under his arm. Presently he put the





ABRAHAM AND HIS LITTLE PET PIG

dog down, petted him, and called him "Honey." After giving it some water in his cap, from a brook nearby, he whittled two splints with his hunting knife, and wrapped them on with strips from a paw-paw bush. Mr. Gollaher ran from behind the tree and called him "Doctor Abraham;" but without replying he asked for raw-hide to tie the splints better. Arriving home late, he feared his father would not allow him to keep a crippled dog; so he tied "Honey" out under the bushes until he gained his mother's consent.

He never found a young bird fallen from its nest without stopping and climbing the tree to put it in its home. One day he lost a whole hour chasing a snake through the woods to rescue a frog from the greedy reptile's mouth.

He did not like to see animals trapped or killed. He never carried a gun, but did wear a knife and little axe for protection only. His father severely punished him for allowing animals to escape from the traps. He always felt it was wrong to catch more than was needed. He never lost his sympathy for animals, for one day when he was traveling as a lawyer, he saw a pig struggling in the mud, but getting deeper and deeper. He looked at the pig, the mud, and then his clothes, and rode on for two miles. He could not get the vision of the pig out of his mind; he turned back, made a bridge with a fence rail, seized the poor pig, and carried it out. Afterwards he said, "It did take the pain from my mind."

If there were not many children and folks around, he made friends of the living creatures. He knew the squirrels, the birds, and the opossums in the woods; the fish and the frogs of the river and the pond. He watched butterflies and the ants. He

must have lain in the grass and seen the bugs jump from stem to stem. To a boy who loved animals, happy and beautiful thoughts came from living among the wild flowers and plants, the cliffs and caves, the wonderful trees and the ever moving rivers.



HIS MOTHER READING THE BIBLE

As this silent and thoughtful boy watched the sunny clouds change into many strange shapes, and saw the great red sun bid good-bye in a sea of pink and gold color; and in the evening gazed at the silver stars and the pale, white moon, all this far-away world must have made him feel that some



Great Person had made and ruled it all. It was easy for him to trust and believe in God. He understood what his mother told and read to him. He did not always understand the preachers, but he knew about Whom they were talking, and to Whom they gave thanks at every meal.

Instead, like many of his neighbors, of filling every cave and dark place with some kind of ghost, and believing every shadow at night was some kind of spook, and the voice of the wind or the cracking of the branches was the voice of witches, he believed that the world is full of beauty, and that God is good and willed only the best for his children.

Abraham had only a few playmates: his sister Sarah or Nancy, who was two years older; his cousin Dennis Friend, always called Dennis Hanks; and his closest boy friend, Austin Gollaher, who was four years older. It was a good thing that he had such a good, wholesome, and industrious boy as Austin for his playmate. Abraham met boys when he went to Hodgen's mill, but they were cruel to animals, and he took no pleasure in their company.

From his boyhood he was sad of face, slow of foot and quiet of speech, yet he liked to be among people. Although he was only six years old, his mother had no trouble in getting him to go to his first school. He went about ten whole days during two months to Zachariah Riney, a Roman Catholic priest at a place where the town of Athertonville now stands; and a few months afterward, to Caleb Hazel, four miles in the woods; and since he would never leave his mother when she was ill, his schooling was very irregular. However, he was quick to learn and stood at the head of his class.

More interesting to him were the preachers who came every year to hold "camp meeting;" and the

Baptist and Methodist "Circuit Riders" with saddle bags, who came now and then. He liked to hear their loud voices and watch their gestures and listen to their stories. He never missed a meeting, and watched everything so closely that before he was six, he would get on a box or a stump and try to imitate them. Although he could not always understand what they said, their coming was a good thing; for they brought to him a great Book, a great Person, and great lessons of life.

But a new world of friends came to him. There were not many of them, but they were good ones. He became great because his first and only books were great ones. Through the eyes of his mother, like Franklin, he read his earliest book, the Bible; a library of sixty-six books that belong together—books of poetry, history, the most wonderful stories ever written, the world's greatest lives, all in the purest and finest English. He learned many beautiful passages by heart from his mother and from Mrs. Sarah Hodgen down at the mill. Mrs. Hodgen helped to teach him his A B C's, spelling, and the ten commandments, and later she gave him that wonderful book of Aesop's Fables. One day Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, who were school teachers on their way to Indiana, gave him that thrilling book he had so often heard about—Robinson Crusoe.

In 1816 he was seven years old, and a great event was to take place in his life. His father, against the wishes of his mother, started to move across the Ohio River into Indiana. As he is about to start, let us see what great things have come into his life: an out-of-door life; a love for the world of nature; a sympathy and kindness to tame wild creatures; a hunger for school and a regard for teachers; an interest in the church, a respect for ministers; a

knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, the Bible; a thirst for good books; friendship with wholesome playmates; an obedience to his father, and a tender love for his mother.

It was a hard journey on horseback to their home on Pigeon Creek over a mile east of the future town of Gentryville. While it was much fun for the children seeing the beautiful birds and scenes, Abraham, although only seven, was tall and strong and could use an axe and therefore had to help blaze the trail and build the road and put up the home.

As we look at his life in Gentryville, we can understand why Lincoln, after he became a man, could sympathize with the poorest and humblest person. Of course he did not know and feel that he was so poor and humble, and we need have no great pity for him. We shall see how all these things were his great helpers and teachers.

The new cabin was only fourteen feet square, and was open on one side so that a fire could be built without a chimney. They lived in this "open-faced camp" all the winter. His shoes for the winter were moccasins; the rest of the time he went bare-footed. He wore a coon or opossum-skin cap, a linsey-woolsey shirt, and buckskin breeches that never reached to his shoe-tops.

There was plenty of food of certain kinds; deer, bear, pheasant, wild turkey, duck, fish, wild fruits, and berries. It was easy to raise and grind corn; but wheat flour was hardly ever seen. About the only vegetable they had was potatoes, and often they ate them raw. Since he did not get enough of certain foods, while he never went hungry, we may say he was "underfed."

Since he grew very rapidly, he soon had to do the work of a man. At home he was looking after the



horses, the fowl, and other animals; going on horseback seven miles to grind the corn by hand; cutting down trees to make fences for their fields; grubbing up stumps to plant their crops; helping



ABE IMITATING SPEAKERS

to make soap and candles; handling the plow; wielding the sickle; threshing the wheat with the flail; fanning and cleaning the grain; and, when he was not busy at home, his father hired him out at

twenty-five cents a day to do the most humble and menial chores. Sometimes it was to plow and carpenter, and sometimes to help the women to scrub, and wash, and even look after the babies.

But, like every other boy, other things came into his life. He went to school a little. In the ten years from his seventh to his seventeenth birthday, he went a month or so to three different teachers: Mr. Dorsey, Mr. Swaney, and Mr. Crawford. He did not learn much, but he learned well. He learned to spell correctly, and to read carefully, to write neatly, and to figure accurately. In games he always stood first. He was so fair that the boys made him a judge in their contests. He also learned some rules of manners.

His other teachers were the ministers who came to preach. He received from them some good ideas, but also many poor ones which he never accepted. But his best teachers were his books. He found that wonderful one by John Bunyan, called "Pilgrim's Progress"; the story of George Washington, his great hero, by Weems; the history of the United States; the Arabian Nights; the Laws of Indiana; and the lives of Benjamin Franklin and Henry Clay. Let us not forget that he began to be an American by having the spirit of Franklin and Washington in him. It was the story of Washington that made him love his country so much. There was not a book within fifty miles that he did not try to borrow and read until he finally found a friend in Rockport along the Ohio River, who had a library, where he read to his heart's content.

Like every country boy, he liked to go up to the store. A few years after he came to Indiana, a little village was started at the cross-roads about a half-mile east of their farm, and it was called Gen-

tryville, after Mr. Gentry who opened the store. Here he heard and read the news from the papers of the state and the country. Here he heard foul stories and language, and saw drunkenness; heard and saw a little of slavery; here he saw the boys torture dumb animals. It was at this store that he would tell funny stories and imitate the addresses of the preachers. He began to speak and write now, partly to amuse those who would listen to him, and partly because his sense of justice and right and his kindness made him speak out. His first composition was on "Cruelty to Animals", and he wrote one on "Temperance", and another on "Our Government."

But the great event of his life was when Court was held in Booneville, fifteen miles away. It was like going to a fair. Whole families went and stayed for the entire time. Here he saw and heard of the cruelties and murders and injustices of people; here he saw and heard smart judges and lawyers argue and make speeches. Here he heard of the important things going on in his country. One day he heard such a fine plea by a lawyer named Breckenridge, that he made up his mind to become a lawyer. When he returned home, he played court and defended make-believe prisoners.

We wonder why this boy, who had such little schooling and whose father did not want him to go to school, had a chance to read and study so much! It was because of one of his greatest teachers; his stepmother, Sarah Bush Lincoln. When she came to take the place of his own mother, not only did she bring a four-horse load of furniture; but she made a better home for all the family. She soon saw how bright and obedient this boy was, and she did everything to give a chance to read and study.



His world was getting larger and larger. At seven, it reached only to the mill, seven miles away, where he took the corn; but at nineteen it reached to New Orleans. For he was so industrious and had such a good name for honesty, and was so good at figures, and had learned to handle the flat-boat so well, that Mr. Gentry sent his son and young Lincoln with a boat-load of goods to New Orleans, hundreds of miles down the river.

He had not returned very long before John Hanks, who had gone to Illinois, wrote back and told about "the good land" there. It did not take much to make Thomas Lincoln move, and this he did. Abraham was a young man now, almost twenty-one. Let us see what kind of man and what kind of an American he was. What were the things that came to him that it would be well for every American to have?

Three conditions had come into his life from which he learned great lessons. First was Poverty. He learned that it would not prevent him from being respected nor keep him from the things of his dreams and ambitions. It had taught him the value of being industrious and skillful, and of having a good name. The second thing was Labor or hard work, which left him with the conviction that every person had a right to the fruits of his toil. The third thing that came into his life, something we need more and more now, was Solitude. He was alone much of the time, and he had a chance to think over the things he heard and read and saw; he had time to study himself and find out what he could do, not only with his axe but also with his pen and tongue.

What kind of person was he? Three great influences had made him; and in him could be seen

the great things of three great peoples of history. First, nature had helped to make him. The woods and the streams and the prairies had made him like the Spartan—brave and courageous. Second, books had helped to make him. From the commandments, which Aunt Sarah Hodgen taught him, and the righteousness of the Old Testament, to the statutes of Indiana and the Constitution of the United States, which he heard defended in the courts, the sense of justice and law was in him—the Roman lived in him. He had courage to do the right. He would do justly. But there was a third thing in him. It was the great gift of the Jewish race. It was the sympathy, and mercy, and charity of the Christian influence that came, not so much from his stern Baptist father and the disputing preachers, but the life and the gentle words and wise Bible reading of his beloved mother and his revered step-mother. We can say of him that he was brave to do justly and to love mercy.

When he saw drunkenness and cruelty and meanness and selfishness, he spoke out boldly or wrote plainly, sometimes in poor verses but generally in good prose. From now on we will find what interested him above all things. It is just common folks. If he found out something about nature and the universe, it was only to tell some one about it. Much as he liked books, it was only to find out about people and to be able to help them.

If he had an ambition to be a lawyer, it was to defend some prisoner and get justice for people. He learned to speak and tell stories because it brought people together, and helped him to make things clear and simple and enjoyable for them.

It was no wonder when the family left for Illinois that the neighbors came in from all around

and bade them all good-bye. No wonder one of the boys planted a tree to remember Abraham! They would not forget his favors and his kindness and his poems and his essays and stories.

He drove the ox-cart to Illinois, and to make some honest money he peddled pins, needles, and buttons on the way. At twenty-one he started out for himself, willing to do anything. Soon he was hired by trader Offut to help take a flatboat of goods to New Orleans. There is where he first saw the market where colored people were auctioned off as slaves. He returned and for many years he lived in the little town of New Salem with its twenty houses and one hundred people. As a store-clerk, he met all kinds of people who came to town. There he found time to read, nor did he fail to take part in athletic sports; nor was he afraid to wrestle with the loafers and bullies that came around. As a surveyor at three dollars a day, he traveled all over the country, and mingled with all kinds of people. Although he was never in school for more than a year, he never stopped studying. The whole world was his college, and anyone who could give him information was his teacher. In order to write and speak better, he walked seven miles to borrow a grammar. He began to read the great poets: Shakespeare and Burns; and by accident he found in a barrel of rubbish, left at the store, what to him was a gold-mine—a copy of one of the greatest law-books ever printed, "Blackstone's Commentaries."

His greatest ambition, as he said, was to be esteemed by his fellow-men by making himself worthy of them through working for their interests. And so he mingled among them at the fair, the auction, telling stories and debating, becoming their friend,



their umpire, and afterwards their advocate and judge. He was interested in all the people—the community—and as an honor for his faith and service in making Sangamon River navigable, he piloted the first steamboat up its waters. When the Black Hawk War came, he gave himself to the service of his country. His fellows made him captain, not because he knew soldiery but because he was honest, and would treat everyone fair. Although they were only state troops or militia, he never rested until he got the same things for them that the regular troops had. He did the same when he reached the White House.

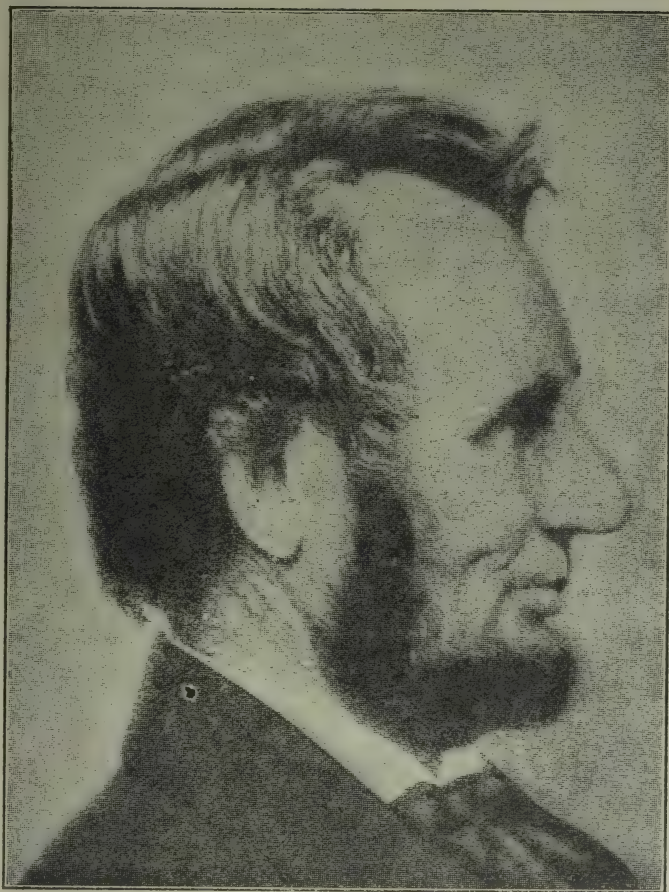
As we look at him now, unlike Franklin, he was not thinking much of the wealth of the country or her great future. Unlike Washington, who was constantly serving the state, he was just interested in all kinds of people and folks. He was always ready for a joke and the funny side of life; excusing people because they were human; seeing the best in them and doing the best for them. At the boarding-house, he would always have one of the children with him. If the house was full, he would sleep on the counter over at the grocery store. If a wagon was stuck in the mud, he would be the first to put his "shoulder to the wheel." If he found a helpless drunkard, he would take him home. He was glad to talk to the minister, to wrestle with Jack Armstrong, or to read poetry with Jack Kelso. He was ready to put out his hand to every human being and call him friend and citizen.

No wonder the people sent him to the State Legislature at Vandalia. It was here that he made his first official protest against slavery, for he declared it was "founded on both injustice and bad policy." In 1836 his great dream came true, for he was

made a lawyer, although when he went to Springfield to live, he was so poor that he had only one suit, and was unable to pay for a room. And yet he had in his trunk the government money left over when he closed out the Post Office at New Salem!

Though he was ambitious to hold office, it was that he might do larger service for his people. In spite of joining the weakest party, the Whigs, he was elected to Congress over the famous Methodist preacher, Peter Cartwright. He voted against going to war with Mexico because he thought, as everyone knows now, that we were in the wrong. Yet when the fighting started, he stood by the soldiers.

After he returned from Congress and was busy as a lawyer, something happened that made him close up his law books and begin to make speeches, especially against the great Stephen A. Douglas. Senator Douglas stood for allowing several states to be slave states that Lincoln felt sure had no right to be such. It is a long story. There followed the celebrated Lincoln-Douglas debates. The whole country was interested in the question of slavery, and Lincoln soon became the leader of the opposition to it. He wanted the people to ask and answer one question, "Is it right and just?" It was the way he tried to answer all questions and treat all people. A secret society, called the "Know-Nothing" Party, had sprung up, opposed to foreign voters, and the Catholic religion, demanding that the immigrants be here twenty-five years before they vote. Lincoln opposed it, and writing to Joshua Speed, said, "How can any one who abhors the oppression of the negroes be in favor of degrading classes of white people? We



*A. Lincoln*

Woodbridge portrait of Lincoln. Care seems removed  
by his sense of humor.



began by saying 'all men are created free and equal.' When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read, 'all are created equal except negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' "

The majority of the old Whig Party, outside of the slave-holding states, had grown into the Republican Party as the champion against slavery. At the Republican Convention at Chicago, although William Seward, the Senator from New York, and Salmon P. Chase, the Governor of Ohio, were the favorite candidates, Lincoln was nominated on the fourth ballot in a gathering said to be one of the noisiest and most exciting ever held. When Lincoln received the news at the "Journal" office in Springfield, he left and said to someone near, "Well, there is a little woman who is interested in this news, and I will go home and tell her."

As soon as he was elected, people came from all parts of the country for mere curiosity and favors. He received them all: poor and rich, menial and millionaire, priest and politician. He was never impatient or ill-humored. The poor received just as much time as the rich. One day while talking to a friend, two tall fellows came in who had a bet that one was exactly as tall as Lincoln, and the president-elect took time to measure himself for them.

The first important thing to be done was to select a cabinet; and he chose not those who were his especial friends or to whom his party owed debts, but the men who were loyal to the union, and opposed slavery with all their hearts. He chose four men who had also sought the nomination: Seward, Chase, Blair, and Cameron. Besides, Seward and Chase were unfriendly to each other; and Stanton, whom he made Secretary of War, years before had

made fun in public of Lincoln's personal appearance.

No sooner was he elected than the clouds of war began to gather, and by the time he was ready to go to Washington, seven states in the South chose to leave the Union. Before he left Springfield, he visited his old friends and relatives. His step-mother fondled him as her own "Abe," and he caressed her as his own mother. He visited his father's neglected grave and had a tombstone set up.

After his sad farewell to his fellow-townsmen, he came to Washington. As he walked to take his place on the platform to be inaugurated, he wore a fine satin suit, a glossy high hat, and carried, a new thing for him, a large black cane with a gold head, the size of an egg. A person who noticed all this said that Lincoln seemed so uncomfortable that he could not help pitying him. He did not seem to know what to do with these things he held in his hand. Finally he stuck the cane in a corner, and while he was hesitating to put his nice new hat on the floor, Douglas came up and took it, and held it during the ceremony. Then he stood before the thousands of people, pleading in a manly, earnest, and affectionate strain with such as were distrustful to listen to the "better angels" of their nature.

But the dreadful war broke out. Homes and hospitals were filled with groans and mourning. Night and day the White House was thronged with citizens and soldiers seeking profit or pardon, money or mercy, office or opportunity. He seemed to bear it all upon his own shoulders, and before the war had ended, this giant of the woods and prairies was worn and gaunt and broken. Nothing was able to make him forget for a moment the suffering boys of the Army and Navy. He was always glad to see them

at the White House. It was a rare treat for him to escape from the politicians and have a quiet talk with a private soldier. It was hard to get him to consent to shoot homesick boys for desertion, or farmer lads who had never stayed up late at night, for sleeping on duty.

He bore up because he always tried to see the funny or human side, and he was ever ready to tell a joke or droll story, especially if it was on some great general or dignitary. He did not sleep at night, thinking of the soldiers. One night an important messenger, who had come from Canada, apologized for arousing him. Lincoln answered, "You may wake me whenever you please. I have slept with one eye open ever since I came to Washington. I never close both except when some politician is looking for me."

He was either in his office or as near the front as they would allow him to go, and he never visited hospitals without seeing every soldier. He saluted the officers, but always raised his hat to the soldiers. It was the same when he met the enemy. One day while visiting a hospital in City Point, Virginia, a young guide said, "You won't want to go in there; they are only rebels." "You mean Confederates," Lincoln answered, and he was just as kind, his handshaking was just as hearty, and his interest was just as real for their welfare as it was for his own men. He was so democratic that he did not like to be called the President. In speaking of the President's office, he used such a phrase as "this place."

He chose the literature of the common people: the Bible, Shakespeare, the poems of Burns and Hood. He never read a novel through in his life, but was fond of comic stories; and when he laughed, he laughed out loud, no matter where he was. When



he wrote, he used plain and simple language. One day the printer, who knew him well, told him he was writing state papers for future generations, and he ought not to use the word "sugar-coated." Lincoln replied, "Well, Defrees, if you think the time will ever come when the people will not understand it, I will alter it."

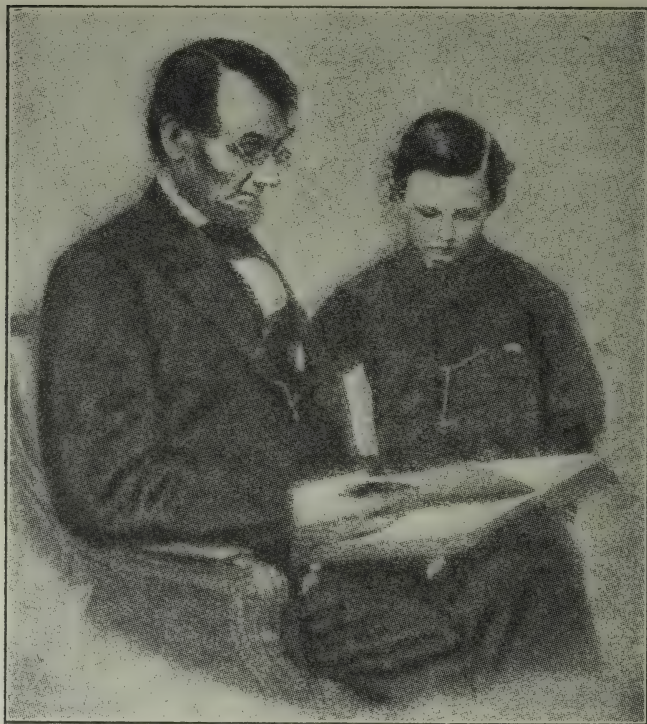
The slaves were now free, and he treated them as men and not inferiors. Frederick Douglass, the most eminent of them, said that he was one of the few white men he ever passed an hour with who failed to remind him in some way that he was a negro.

When the end of the war came, he was anxious to be at the front to see that too severe terms should not be exacted of the South. As he, with Grant and Porter, saw the regiments pass, the soldiers, most of them mere boys, broke out with "Three cheers for Uncle Abe," a term not of familiarity but of endearment, only possible in a democracy like America.

Just as soon as the war ended, he held in his own hands what was to be done with the South. He wanted neither punishment nor revenge, but planned for the men to go home to work, and for the states to return at once to the Union.

The last day of his life had now come. Let us look at him, for while he was the president of the United States, he acted in just the American way, giving as much liberty and freedom to everyone as possible. It was the 14th of April, 1865, Robert, his son, had just returned from the surrender. Looking at Lee's picture, which the boy had brought, he said, "It is a good face. It is the face of a noble, brave man. The war is now closed, and we will soon live in peace with the brave men who have been fighting against us." He took a ride with

Grant and talked about disbanding the army and paroling the prisoners. After the cabinet meeting at noon, he took a ride with Mrs. Lincoln, and with her he talked of old times and the future. Said he, "Mary, we have had a hard time of it since we came



LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD"

to Washington; but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we shall go back to Illinois, and pass the rest of our lives in quiet." Between three and four o'clock his private secretary, seeking him

to sign a commission, saw him returning from lunch, doing the American act of eating an apple. Late in the afternoon, Charles A. Dana, Assistant-secretary of War, came over to get his consent to have Jacob Thompson, a dangerous traitor, who was trying to escape to England, arrested. He found Mr. Lincoln in the inner room of his business office with his coat off, washing his hands, preparing for a drive. "Hello," said he, "what is it?" Listening to the despatch, he asked, "What does Stanton say?" Dana replied, "He thinks he ought to be arrested." "Well" he continued, drawing his words, "I rather guess not; when you have an elephant on your hands, and he wants to run away, better let him run."

During the afternoon he signed a pardon for a soldier to be shot for desertion, remarking as he did so, "Well, I think the boy can do us more good above ground than underground." He also approved an application for discharge of a southern soldier, who had just taken the oath of allegiance. He wrote on the petition, "Let it be done." This act of mercy was his last official order.

That night he went to Ford's theatre, more that he might not disappoint the audience than for any other reason. And here it was that the bullet of the assassin struck him down. Let us hope he did not hear the Latin words uttered by the murderer, for they were the most untrue and cruel words ever spoken of him. They were "Sic semper tyrannis," which means, "Thus be it always to tyrants." Tyrant means a hard, cruel master, who rules with a rod of iron. This was the very thing which Lincoln was not. He wanted every person to have freedom and liberty. No matter what was the color of the eyes



or skin or hair, he wanted him to have opportunity to be not a slave, but a man.

If we are to be Americans, we must believe in our country as Franklin did; serve as Washington did; and like Lincoln, respect people whether they be brown or red, black or olive or white, because all are the children of God.

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Part III—THE LIBERTY OF LINCOLN.

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Great Lincoln left as his bequest  
The rough-hewn wall upon the west.

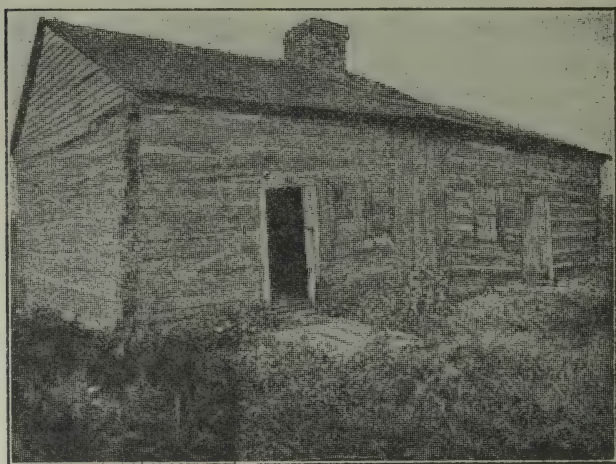
God gave him such a humble birth,  
He knew men just at human worth.

For he was born and cradled where  
The rough and hardy life was bare  
Of all the polished, cheap veneer  
Of cultured ease; the wild frontier  
Of virgin trees and stubborn lands,  
Where burdened backs and hardened hands  
Long worked and watched and fought to live  
With implements, crude, primitive.

His was the task and daily round  
To track for game and till the ground,  
Help blaze the trail and build the roads,  
Hew timber for the rough abodes,  
Perform the endless, menial chores,  
Within the house and out-of-doors.  
And when his elevation came,  
His fellowmen found him the same;  
For brawn with brain he dignified,  
The humblest task was glorified.

Unkempt, ungainly, underfed,  
His meagre boyhood days were led  
Among backwoodsmen, coarse and crude,  
Whose speech was rough and manners rude.  
His few companions, adult, youth,  
Were crass, illiterate, uncouth,

The slaves to woods and stream and sod,  
Deprived of books and things of God.  
Their nights and days were lived and spent,  
Their skill and energies were lent  
In struggling on as best they could  
To earn their meagre livelihood.  
But all dwelt in the open air  
Where souls to live must do and dare.  
Esteem was won by brawn and brain.



THOMAS LINCOLN'S HOME IN ILLINOIS

There neither color, blood, nor gain  
Could ostracize or place a ban  
On honest, brave, and toiling man.

Thus when his fellow countrymen  
Raised him as their first citizen,  
The White House door swung free to all  
Who came as friend or foe to call:  
The Army and the Naval man,



Civilian with complaint or plan,  
To him the poor, unknown, untaught,  
The wise, the famed with honors fraught,  
Proud moneyed-men, plain pioneer,  
The crudest man became a peer.  
His early manhood days were spent  
Not with those souls whose discontent  
Fast drove them on with zeal and zest  
To untilled lands, the winsome west,  
But with the timid n'er-do-well,  
Who loaf around the stores and tell  
The unclean tale; who smoke and sit,  
Exchanging cheap and vulgar wit;  
Whose hero was the burly tough  
Who won his battles by his bluff.

But he whose soul had fed at night  
By feeble flame of fire-light  
On Bunyan and the Holy Writ,  
Whose hungry, growing mind was lit  
By fabled tales of Washington,  
The nation's Constitution—  
Which gave him gifts of tongue and pen  
Among these shiftless youth and men—  
Quick rose above the cheers and slurs  
Of farmer folk and villagers,  
And acted as their arbiter,  
Their captain, judge and barrister.

When by the nation's nobler stand  
He rose High-servant in the land,  
Militia and the Volunteer  
Had no just cause to ever fear  
The curse of special preference.  
In soldier with the worst offense,  
"Plug Ugly" of the lowest birth,

He found in all redeeming worth,  
And touched earth's frail humanity  
With kind and patient sympathy.



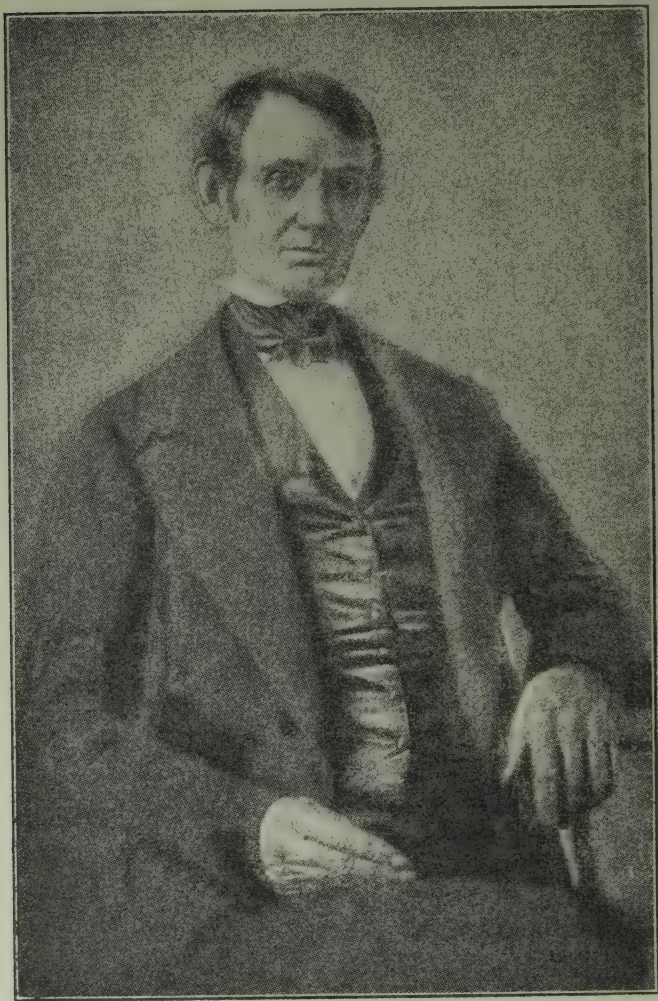
READING HIS FIRST LAW BOOK

He read the nation's history  
By day and night, and came to see,  
Deep written in the document  
Which made this great free government,  
All men are equal born and free  
With rights to life, limb, liberty;

Yet saw some auctioned off for gain;  
Fast bound with ball and iron chain;  
He made a solemn vow to God,  
Before he lay beneath the sod  
To strike this great inhuman foe  
Of liberty a telling blow!

And when the first occasion gave  
Him chance to make the issue "slave  
Or free" he met in famed debate  
The doughty Douglas. From his state  
There fell on every listening ear  
Throughout the land the simple, clear  
Truth, logical, that made men see  
We could not stand half slave, half free.  
It was no toga that he sought,  
Nor selfish fame for which he fought;  
It was the prophet's fire within  
Against a Christian nation's sin!  
For God decreed no color line;  
His sons were human and divine!

The tense and troublous times had come,  
The discontented murmur from  
An honest, brave, and sincere part  
Of us now reached the nation's heart,  
And threatened soon a brothers' strife  
To menace our united life.  
Thus when this humble man came forth  
Who voiced the East, the West, and North  
In plain, precise, and fearless speech  
Of classic phrase, that was to teach  
Us history lest we disown  
The charters in our cornerstone;  
They called on him of giant mould  
Of frame and mind and heart, to hold



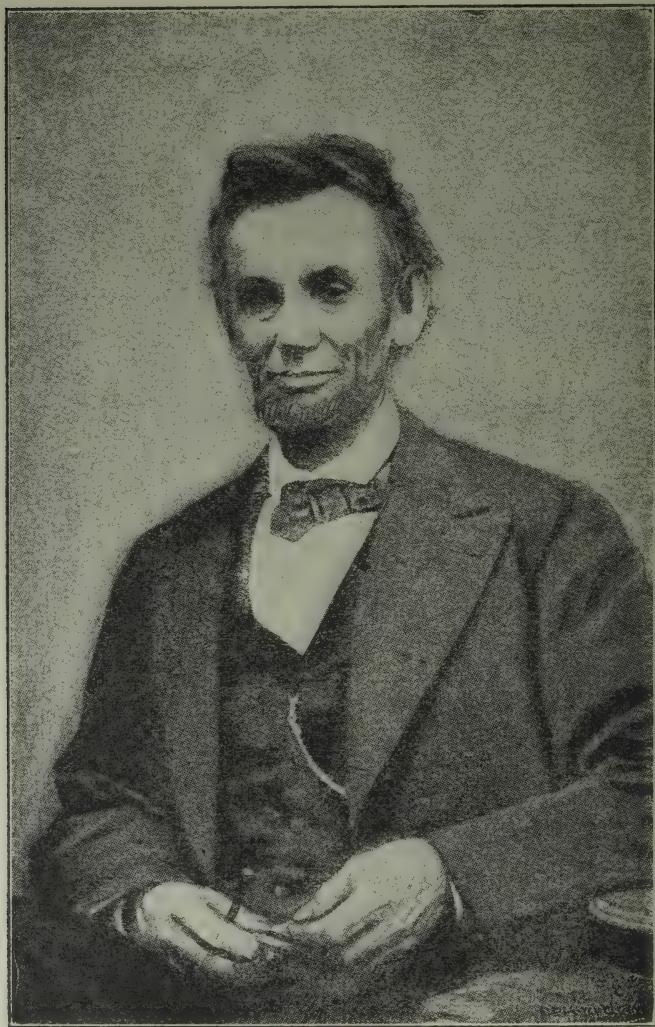
 EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN



And bind again and kindly heal  
The torn and bruised commonweal.

This pilot of our Ship of State  
Through bloody seas of civil hate  
Chose as his mates and cabinet  
Not henchmen of a party's debt;  
They all were rivals; but on his  
Uncompromising policies  
Of "slave or free" they stood four-square,  
Great Seward, Stanton, Chase and Blair.

Through all those dark and dreadful days  
When slender beams of freedom's rays  
Were hid behind the dense war-clouds  
And sable black of funeral shrouds  
Of fathers, sweethearts, brothers, sons;  
Amid the thundering of the guns,  
The woundeds' cries, the widows' wail,  
The silent Captain, sad and pale,  
When grave defeat would overwhelm  
His ship, he calm held fast the helm,  
And through the weary years of war,  
That heavy on his shoulders bore,  
With anecdote, droll history,  
Pun, homely yarn, and repartee,  
In bureau, White House, camp and field  
He smiled, forgave, and soothed, and healed  
The ceaseless host who came and went  
To seek or serve the government;  
Until he heard the last sad gun,  
Until his cherished work was done—  
A Union based on Liberty  
Of Man, whate'er his color be.



SHARPENING TAD'S PENCIL

Taken Sunday before the assassination

Beloved Lincoln! Liberty  
Incarnate lived and bled in thee!  
Thy bed has been the soil and sod,  
Thy horny hands felt stone and clod,  
Thy arms have wielded scythe and flail,  
Have felled the trees and split the rail!  
As faithful clerk and flatboat mate,  
The merchant and the advocate,  
Thy human heart and modest mind  
Touched men of every rank and kind!  
None were so low that thou wouldst bend,  
Nor high that thou wouldst condescend:  
Thou didst not see the hue of skin;  
Like God, thine eyes were turned within.

So in the great on-coming years  
As men from both the hemispheres,  
From every continent and race,  
Shall turn their steps and set their face  
To this great land of liberty,  
Give us thine eyes that we may see  
Men not as yellow, black, or red,  
Pale white, or olive, brown; instead  
To see their worth—their dignity  
Of human personality!

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Since the American is made up of people from every nation in the world, it is not surprising that those who come to our shores are quickly informed about the story of Lincoln, if they have not already heard of him, for it is doubtlessly true that there is no purely human person in which the common people of so many races of the earth are interested as the life of Abraham Lincoln. If the reader has not read some good biography of him, let him begin at once. I would suggest, first, "Lincoln, The

Man of the People," by William H. Mace, Rand McNally and Co., Chicago. At the close of this little volume will be found a list of the most important books. To these I would add:

"The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln," J. R. Gore, Bobbs Merrill, Indianapolis.

"Abraham Lincoln," J. G. Nicolay, Century Company, New York.

"The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln," M. L. Putnam, A. C. McClurg and Co., Chicago. It is to the courtesy of this publisher that the author is indebted for the drawings of this book showing Lincoln at his mother's knee, on the stump, and reading law.

"The Heart of Lincoln," Wayne Whipple, J. C. Winston, Philadelphia.

"The Boy Scout's Life of Abraham Lincoln," Ida M. Tarbell, Macmillan.

It is from Miss Tarbell's works in two volumes, published by the Macmillans, perhaps the most complete and reliable biography of Lincoln written that the rare portraits of him have been taken.

Excerpts from the poem, with portraits on card-board, suitable for recitation or decoration, will be sent by the publishers to any school, patriotic or religious society.

(END OF PART THREE)



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